

EVANS DIVORCED FOR BEING POOR.

His Wife, in Kansas, Says
That He Squandered
\$365,000.

SHE IS WEALTHY STILL

Ruined in Oil, He Tempted For-
tune for Her in Mines of
Sonora, Mexico.

HE SAYS THEY ARE VALUABLE.

To Profit Has Come of Her Money,
and He Is Conscious of Having
Lost His Prestige in
Her Eyes.

"Do not marry a wealthy woman, even
your name bring to her talent, a place in
the genealogy of men, who fought at Hast-
ings or played at Plymouth, lustre of expe-
rience in affairs. For you shall roll in
wealth because of her love, and one day,
she shall have learned that money, in the
view of commonplace minds, which are
rapt, is everything, she shall break
heart with her reproaches." So spoke
Mr. Evans.

Mr. Evans is Secretary and Treasurer of the
American Investment Association,
a well-known merchant, ruined by the mon-
opoly of the Standard Oil Company. He
became a millionaire because his wife has obtained
a fortune from him at Olathe, Kan., for the
reason that he has used \$365,000 of her
money, without paying a profit to her.
An old philosopher's authority for his
potholes would not make it more val-
uable, for he spoke it in impulsive sincerity,
his home, at No. 234 Jefferson avenue,
Brooklyn. The place has a sad air, as if it
were depicting incessantly the absence of
a mistress.

Mr. Evans was seventeen years of age when she
married to Henry F. Evans at Kansas
city, fifteen years ago. She was Fredericka
Evans, and her parents business men and
of business men, would have regarded
a girl becoming the wife of a
man who was not in business. Evans was
popular merchant who knew how to
live and organize.

It was not a happy marriage. A man
of the world, Evans was not congenial.
He has a well-entrenched mind, but she
kept always, attentive to her household
and caring little for frivolous past-
imes. She became the mother of two
sons and gave her soul to the dear
nursing.

Mr. Evans inherited a fortune from her
father, her husband extended his business
into the oil business. He found no other
pleasure than this dealing in oil. The
oil days of Kansas seemed indifferent to
him.

Mr. Evans explained these things yesterday,
sitting in his chair. He said he
was fifteen years older than his wife
when they were married. He said he
was a heart younger than now.
He said to him always a means,
of him.

Mr. Evans was ambitious for her, he said. "I
was sure that I might succeed as an in-
vestor against a corporation, and the
Standard Oil Company proved to be
better than I. I was ruined, but Mrs.
Evans entrusted the conduct of her affairs
to me, and I had no doubt that I could
manage them."

Mr. Evans, Mexico, tempted me. I mort-
gaged Mrs. Evans's real estate and invested
money in the La Orotina mines there.
I was unsuccessful, and the investment
lost. But there came a drought in 1892
all the money that my associate, Mr.
Evans, and I sent there could not
cover the property.

We needed more money. Mrs. Evans's
other advised her not to give more to
me. I struggled with all the strength
of confidence in one's judgment, mo-
mentarily defeated, and gave. I worked
give water to the night and
as sailors work to pump water out
ship.

engaged the services of one J. A. San-
born, mining engineer of Portsmouth, N.
who is now in an assay office at Eliza-
beth, N. J. He went to the mines as my
agent, but he stopped at Hermosillo, the
capital of Sonora, listening to comments
of the miners.

Mr. Evans has made a deposition, which was
by my wife in her suit at Olathe. It
is a statement that I shall disprove
before my counsel, J. O. Plick,
is making.

There has been made in it the most child-
ish and untrue statements. It is a mis-
take to move at every part of the un-
derstanding. He says he found her in our
home in Kansas. He says that I
gave her money and could not redeem
her. Here is the plan. He says
that I spent money for foolish things and
once a \$5 bill from a servant to my
clothes.

"The Rev. Dr. Hendry testified at the
trial in my favor. He is my wife's cousin.
His deposition was the Rev. Dr.
Hendry's testimony is not true. And to
speak that Judge Burris, in that Olathe
court, granted a divorce decree on a depo-
sition like this is monstrous."

"The Sonora mines are valuable. I have
a magnificent offer for them, and my wife
wondered today when she overheard
me, she does not know she is ill-advised
I think I have failed."

Mr. Evans has sent her at least \$1,400 in a
new advertisement have persuaded
that I placed the Sonora property in
name for some terrible reason, but she
received for money which I have paid
her in her name. No, her decision will
endure. I shall win the case on ap-
peal.

BLUECOAT HITS A SMALL NEWSBOY.

Policeman Mehrtens Knocks
a Lad Down with His
Clenched Fist.

THEN BULLIES HIS VICTIM.

Brokers Jump from a Broadway
Car and Protest Against
the Brutal Assault.

THEY WILL REPORT THE CASE.

Armed with the Policeman's Number
They Will Appear Before the
Police Board and Prefer
Charges of Brutality.

An open Broadway car, filled with the
comfortable-looking men who ride uptown
from Wall street and lower Broadway be-
tween 3 and 5 o'clock of weekday after-
noons, stopped to take on two women at
the corner of Chambers street yesterday.
It was about 4 o'clock. The last editions of
the evening papers were just off the presses
and on the streets.

As the car stopped a little boy in knicker-
bockers and a red waist ran along its side.
"Papers!" he shouted. "Evenin' papers!"
Last edition!"

"Here, boy, give me a paper," said a
stout broker sitting in the middle of a rear
seat.
The lad ran back, paper in hand, and
reached for the penny the stout man proffered
over another passenger's knees. As
he did so the car started, and the boy trot-
ted along the side half a dozen steps in the
endeavor to reach his customer.

A tall policeman stood just above the
crossing and so close to the passing car that
the lad running between it and him may have
brushed his uniform. Certainly he
did nothing of greater offense to the law.
But as he passed, the big policeman, with a
mattered growl, struck the lad a savage
blow in the face with his clenched hand.

The boy, who was not over twelve, and a
slender little chap, was knocked off his feet.
He fell on his head and shoulders,
face down, so close to the swiftly moving
car that the tender board grazed his leg.
Half a dozen women shrieked and half a
dozen men jumped to their feet. The con-
ductor rang the alarm bell and the car
pulled up with a jerk in the middle of the
block. Four or five men jumped off and
ran back to the corner, just in time to see
the big policeman push the little boy
across the pavement and against the white
wall of the Stewart building.

The boy was weeping and making an
effort to gather his scattered newspapers.
"You ain't hurt," said the policeman.
"Don't you say I hit you, for I didn't."
Get your papers and get out of here, quick."

The policeman was interrupted by the
arrival of the men who had witnessed the
assault from the car. Others who had
seen the brutal blow from the pavement
pressed closely around too. Another police-
man came across the street. To him the
blameless boy had struck the boy first
spoke.

"I want to pull this kid off a car and he
fell down," he said. "He ain't hurt, but
I'll sit a day off and go before the trial
board if necessary. This man is unfit to
be a policeman."

"Ah, the kid ain't hurt," said the po-
liceman, drawing the sobbing boy to the
front. "Here, you; I didn't hurt you,
did I?"

The tone carried a menace, and the po-
liceman glowered threateningly at the
youngster, whose scratched and bruised
face still bore evidence to his fall, as he
looked painfully to the fore.

"It don't hurt so much now as it did,"
whispered the terrified boy. "But my leg
pains me."

"What's your name?" asked the gentle-
man who had given his card to Mr. Hunter.
"And where do you live?"

"My name's Dominic Odomson," sobbed
the boy, "and I live at No. 84 James street
wid me mudder. I was only tryin' to hand
a gent a paper when he cop hit me."

At the Elizabeth Street Station Captain
Dean said that child No. 4539 was worn
by Patrolman Samuel M. Mehrtens. He
has been on the force only since January,
and is doing his first turn of "crossing
duty," he said.

"I saw you strike him," said Mr. Hunter.
"and I propose to report you."

Mr. Hunter was the first man of those
who had got off the car to reach the po-
liceman's side. Mr. Hunter is a member
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